

# The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING

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## CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Well, well," said the colonel, "they have been prompt! You can get to Aquila by noon, can't you?"

"Not if he goes back by way of Old Scoffer's," remarked a field officer, thoughtfully. "Fred, don't you imagine the chief wants to smooth things a bit before you tell Stanton all about it?"

"Don't go back, Benton. Just let him sweat. It'll make him more civil another time," began an impetuous comrade, but stopped short at sight of the cloud in Benton's eyes, the anxious look in the colonel's fine, clear-cut, soldierly face. It was the latter who spoke again, and without interruption, for already he had won the faith of even such martial iconoclasts as the Black Hats. "This means something more than a mere difference due to ill temper," said he. "You are wanted for a purpose, Benton. It is about Ladue, do you think?"

Fred had already risen. "I shouldn't be surprised," he answered, thinking unaccountably of the words of his Washington informant, "God help the man that has to bump up against Stanton just now!"

Yet he rode back to headquarters and, surely enough, found his chief there, chafing and suspicious. "What's Stanton want of you?" he blurted out. "You haven't—You didn't—make a row about what I said Monday night, did you? We were all cross-grained then, and I didn't happen to thank you had to look me up and so—got lost?"

"I have certainly written to a friend at Washington asking for other duty," said Benton firmly, though his anger had vanished and given place to sadness and anxiety. "I did not get lost, however. I obeyed orders, and under similar circumstances should do so again."

"I've told you I didn't understand the matter at the time or I shouldn't have said, perhaps, what I did," broke in Old Scoffer, both hurt and troubled. "If you're going to start in on your army career with the idea that you're never going to get hauled over the coals, you've mistaken your profession." Scoffer knew he had been in the wrong. He wanted to undo the wrong. He simply didn't know how, and Benton wouldn't help him. And so they parted enemies, if anything, and, preceded by the story of Old Scoffer's vehement assertion, enlarged, of course, in transit, that he "had more friends in the south than in the army," Benton reported the following day at the war department, and was shown into the presence of the angering secretary.

For a moment each studied the other, and the menace in Stanton's frown roused the spirit of fight in Benton's not too pacific temperament. "What business has a man to look at me as though he thought I ought to be hanged, no matter if he is a war secretary?" was the question uppermost in the Badger's mind. His father, the squire, had once trounced a brother-in-law for less. The bump of insubordination was rising even before the secretary's first question.

"How came you so late, sir?"

And the bump was in his throat, as, flushing to the brows, the Badger answered:

"Possibly because I was kept waiting an hour outside, sir."

Stanton's veins seemed to swell to thrice their natural size, and his strong face, fringed by the iron-gray beard, turned almost purple.

"You will be wise to keep your temper, young sir, if you wish to keep your commission. You owe your escape from rebel hands, I am told, to certain members of Dr. Chilton's family, of Charlottesville."

No answer.

"It is so, is it not?"

"One member only, sir."

"Lieut. Ladue was your intimate friend at home, I believe." Stanton was tapping the desk with a long ruler—an ominous sign, said they who knew him.

"He was, sir."

"Was it to square accounts with the Chiltons you sought to shield him?"

"I have had to shield him in no way, sir. He had been brought here before I could see him again."

Stanton actually smiled, but the smile was grim as any scowl.

"Then it was by helping young Chilton, was it?" And the professional cross-examiner tapped more swiftly on the table, and his eyes fairly blazed through the spectacles.

Benton was boiling over now.

"I never heard until an hour ago that he had got away, sir. I'm—"

"Glad, I dare say," said the secretary, with sarcastic force. "We heard as much of you—and more." Then, sudden as a steel trap, "What did you do with the papers you received from Ladue?"

"Nothing, as yet," was the unlooked-for reply.

"Then you still have those papers?" and Stanton seemed rising from his chair.

"Yes, sir," and Benton seemed ready to spring to meet him, with fight in every line of his face.

"Here!" and Stanton had dropped the ruler and gripped the arm of his chair.

"Here," and Benton had the "touch-if-you-dare" look of a bull-dog watching a bone.

"You may deliver them to Maj. Thorpe," said Stanton, as though the matter were settled, and the major accordingly, but uncertainly, advanced a step or two. He was fifty years of age, and Benton was barely half his years, but the elder little liked the look of the younger's eyes.

"I may not, Mr. Secretary," and despite his wrath, something almost like a smile of amusement played about the corners of Benton's firm set lips. "Those letters concern only two people on earth, Ladue and—my sister. You may have my resignation this minute, but not for letters."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### "CAPT. BENTON, YOU'RE A COWARD!"

"A spy in camp," was what the brigade said, when it heard the story that came from Washington, and "hopping mad" was the brigade. Its fur had been rubbed the wrong way by the little flings of rivals, prompted by the pitiable envy that seems inseparable from any profession whose reward is mainly reputation. Its sense of subordination, too, had been tried by tales of sneering remarks made by Gen. This or Col. That, and it firmly believed that much of Fred Benton's present trouble was due to the fact that he wouldn't stand hearing them abused, belittled, or maligned. In greatly exaggerated form, the rumor of his disagreements with his fellow staff officers and his "row with Old Scoffer" had gone the round of the regiments, to the end that Fred was now looked upon as a hero and a champion, even by the Black Hats, who rarely saw heroism in anybody, who scouted the idea of needing a champion and who pronounced one general of the Army of the Potomac, at least, a consummate ass. They were mad clear through when told he had declared Benton disloyal—"had more friends in the south than in the army." Only a few weeks previous they had been pulling Benton to pieces among themselves, because of his apparent neglect of them and preference for his new associates. Now they were all aflutter at the idea of any one abusing him, and there was wrath and wonder in camp when it was learned that by order of Stanton himself Fred Benton was held in close arrest, to that so-called bastion of the war days—Fort Lafayette.

Oh, a beautiful case was this worked up against Capt. Fred Benton, A. D. C., if the rumors from the rear could be believed, and strange it was, indeed, that in the midst of all the wrath and



WELCOME.

despond in all ranks, there should appear at the camps of the Iron Brigade, shaking hands with brother officers and soldiers, that very able talker and genial fellow-citizen, Maj. McKinnon, and Mac had lots to tell. Growlers—and most men were growlers that woful Christmastide along the Stafford Heights—who asked him why he wasn't with his regiment, were told that he was still on court-martial duty, but court had adjourned over Christmas. Growlers at first only growled when McKinnon tentatively began to talk about Benton and Ladue, but later they listened—most men will—and when he returned three days later to his court at the capital and made report to certain confidential officers at the department, it must be admitted that, though he took back with him far less of compromising character concerning Benton than he expected and hoped, he left a lot behind him.

And all this time there lay at the old capital prison, awaiting needed evidence to prove him a spy, a very luckless young soldier, Paul Ladue. All this time there fumed and festered, confined in arrest to the limits of Greble Barracks and the adjoining square in which were the officers' quarters, Capt. Fred Benton, A. D. C., well-nigh forbidden to be seen by anybody save secret service specimens detailed for the purpose. At this time there was a man that could have thrown light on the situation, but most unaccountably had he disappeared. Jennings was again at large, and the department declared it knew not whether he had gone. He had been released, was the explanation—well—because it would appear that he had only done what humanity dictated—helped and nursed a half-drowned, half fever-burned, half dying man.

But meantime there had been a scene or two at Washington, never mentioned in the chronicles of the day and in the midst of alarms and distractions such as Washington had never known before. Such matters as the public cowering of an army officer almost in front of the white house would be "sore-headed" from Maine to Manila to-day, but the papers had no space for it then. Squire Benton had touched up McKinnon's new uniform to the tune of 30 lashes before the police could step in and spoil the sport, and only in the far west was the affair referred to.

Paul Ladue, convalescent, had been twice subjected to rigid questioning with the hope of establishing the guilty connivance in his escape of a certain Baltimore household, as well as a certain union officer, and with the result of establishing nothing beyond the fact that even in his weakness he had more strength and "sand" than the prosecution. Then he was tendered release on parole, for long investigation had failed to unearth a thing to warrant detention as a spy.

One thing, it was said, that had made Stanton so forceful a prosecutor in the past was the ease with which he could always persuade himself of a prisoner's guilt, the jury following as the night the day. Something had to be done, he had said, to stop this wholesale transmission of state and military secrets to the enemy, and a victim was demanded. He had mured this confederate officer, caught by civilians, dressed in Old Capital prison, and if he wasn't a spy, then he must

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### GETTYSBURG.

The spring had come and gone. The sword of Lee had again to the border. The spirit of Jackson had fled to the skies. Grimmer than ever, old Ewell now ruled at the head of the famous "Foot Cavalry" corps, foremost in the dash for the Susquehanna. The arms of the south swept on to invasion. Under the new, sore-tried and ill-trusted leaders the arms of the north were reversed in pursuit. Hooker had quit, as he said, in disgust, declaring no man could plan and fight with a string to his shirt-tail and Stanton and Halleck a-pull at the string. Reynolds, calm and sagacious, soldier and fighter, had been tendered command, and politely declined. Meade, his subordinate, stepped over his head, since Reynolds would none of it, and with prayer and misgiving picked up the reins dropped by Hooker in sight of the Maryland shore. And the same hard fighting, hard marching, hard swearing, hard used old army horse in sight of the stream that had given it its name, and one corps, at least, had lost nothing by the change.

A shout had gone up one day on the Rappahannock when the word went the rounds that Fred Benton was back. Suddenly he had appeared in their midst just before Chancellorsville, and royal was the welcome they gave him.

[To Be Continued.]

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### VERY LIKELY.

She—The half is never told. He—No, but the fraction that does become public property is always magnified adequately to make up for his whole. Smart Set.

## PECK'S BAD BOY

### ABROAD.

The Bad Boy and His Dad Climb the Pyramids—The Bad Boy Lights a Cannon Cracker in Rameses' Tomb—They Flee from Egypt in Disguise.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.  
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin. Former Editor of "Peck's Sun." Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," ETC.)  
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Cairo, Egypt.—My Dear Old Geese: I broke off my last letter in sight of the pyramids, when I was left alone on the desert, my jackass having stampeded with the camels, on account of my firework, and I presume you think I was all in, but I got to the pyramids before the stampeded caravan did. I saw a car coming along, and I just got aboard and in ten minutes, I was at the base of the big pyramid, and the camel with dad on between the humps, was humping himself half a mile away, trying to get there, and the other camels, with the Arabs, were stretched out like horses in a race, behind, and my jackass was right next to dad's camel, braying and occasionally kicking dad's camel in the slats.

There were about a hundred tourists around the base of the big pyramid, all looking towards the stampede of the camels, and I told them my dad, the great American millionaire, was on the runaway camel in advance, and asked them to form a line across the trail and save dad, but when the camel came nearer I was ashamed of dad. He had his arms around the front hump of the camel, and he was yelling for help to stop his menagerie, and his legs were flying in the air, and every time they came down they kicked a hole in the side of the camel.

Well, sir, I thought dad was a brave man, but he blatted like a calf, and when the camel stopped and went to eating a clump of grass dad opened his eyes, and when he saw that the procession had stopped he rolled off his camel like a bag of wheat, and stuck in the sand and began to say a prayer, but when he saw me standing there, laughing, he stopped praying, and said to me: "I thought you were blown up when that jackass kicked the can of dynamite. You have more lives than a cat. Now, get a hustle on you and we will climb that pyramid, and then quit this blasted country," and dad sat down on a hummock and began to pull himself together, after the most fearful ride he ever had. He said the camel loped, trotted, galloped, single-



WANTED HIM TO PAY FOR THE CAMEL.

footed and shied all at the same time, and when one hump was not jamming him in the back the other hump was kicking him in the stomach, and if he had a gun he would shoot the camel, and the Arabs, and bust up the show.

By the time dad got so he could stand up without leaning against a pyramid the Arabs came up and they all talked at once, and drew knives, and it seemed as though they were blaming dad for something. We found an interpreter among the tourists, and he talked with the Arabs, and pointing to the camel dad ridden, which was stretched out on the sand like he was dead, he told dad the Arabs wanted him to pay for the camel he had ridden to death, and founded by letting it drink a wagon load of water, and then entered in a race across the desert, and the interpreter said dad better pay, or they would kill him.

Dad settled for the camel for a hundred dollars, and a promise of the skin of the camel, which he was going to take home and have stuffed. Then a man who pretended to be a justice of the peace had dad arrested for driving off of a walk, and he was fined \$10 and costs for that, and then all the Arabs stuck him for money for one thing and another, and when he had settled all around and paid extra for not riding back to Cairo on the camel, we got ready to climb up the pyramid. Dad said he wouldn't ride that camel back to Cairo for a million dollars, for he was split up so his legs began where his arms left off, and he was lame from Genesis to Revelations.

But I never saw such a lot of people to pray as these pirates are. Just before they rob a man they get down on their knees on a rug, and mumble something to some god, and after they have got you robbed good and plenty, they get down and pray, while they are concealing the money they took from you. Gee, but when I get home I am going to steer the train robbers and burglars onto the idea of always being on praying grounds.

Well, I told dad he hadn't better try to climb up the pyramid, that I would go up, 'cause I could climb like a goat, and when I got up to the top I would fire a salute, so everybody would know that a star-spangled American was on deck, but dad said he would go up or quit the tourist business. He said he had come thousands of miles to climb the pyramids, and sit in the shadow of the spinks, and by giner he was going to do it, and so we started.

Well, say, each stone is about four feet high, and dad couldn't get up without help, so an Arab would go up a stone ahead, and take hold of dad's hands, and two more Arabs would get their shoulders under dad's pants, and shove, and he would get up gradually. We got about half way up when dad weakened, and said he didn't care so much about pyramids as he thought he did, and he was ready to quit, but the guide, and

## Shall We Speak the Truth or a Lie?

By DR. GEORGE F. SHRADY, New York Specialist.

say truth would be uncivilized in the extreme and unchristian.

The motive of truth is to save people, and when it can be available there is wisdom in its use. It is perfectly right to suppress the truth when you want to tell a patient he is going to die. Suppression is helping him along and giving him courage.

Contrary to morality, people wouldn't understand the truth in its naked aspect. Truth is to be told when it does good and suppress when it does harm. It is a wicked thing to destroy one's faith in humanity, and the human system contains a great deal of recuperative tissue to adapt itself to the ordinary agitations of life, but I doubt if the amount is adequate to endure the shock or injuries of one day's truth telling. A large percentage of our insane asylums are now filled with people suffering with melancholia who at some time in their lives have been the victims of a disagreeable truth when wholly unprepared to receive it.

Truth telling, practiced with an improper spirit would neither benefit the individual nor the community and whether told in New York or elsewhere would certainly find a disastrous end.

Some of the tourists said we were right near the entrance to the great tomb of the kings, and that we better go in and at least make a formal call on the crowned heads, and so we went in, through dark passages, with little candles that the guides carried, and up and down stairs, until finally we got into a big room that smelled like a morgue, with bats and evil looking things all around, and I felt creepy.

The guides got down on their knees to pray, and I thought it was time to be robbed again. I do not know what made me think of making a sensation right there in the bowels of that pyramid, where there were corpses thousands of years old, of Egypt's rulers. I never felt that way at home, when I visited a cemetery, but I thought I would shoot my last roman candle and fire my last giant firecracker right there in that moseum, and take the chances that we would get out alive. So when the tourists were lined up beside a tomb of some Rameses or other, and the guides were praying for strength and endurance, probably, to get away with all the money we had, I picked out a place up toward the roof that seemed full of bats and birds of ill omen, and I sneaked my roman candle out from under my shirt, and touched the fuse to a candle on the turban of a guide who was on his knees, and just as the first fire ball was ready to come out I yelled: "Whooop-la-much-a-wano, e pluribus unum," and the fire balls lighted up the gloom and knocked the bats fully west.

Holy jumping cats, but you ought to have seen the guides, yelling Allah! Allah! and groveling on the floor, and the bats were flying around in the faces of the tourists, and everybody was simply scared out of their boots. I thought I might as well wind the thing up glorious, so I touched the tail of my last giant firecracker to the sparks that were oozing out of my empty roman candle, and threw it into the middle of the great room, and when it went off you would think a cannon had exploded, and everybody rushed for the door, and we fell over each other getting out through the passage towards the door.

I was the first to get out on to the side of the pyramid, and I watched for the crowd to come out. The tourists got out first, and then dad came out, puffing and wheezing, and the last to come out were the Arabs, and they came on their hands and knees, calling to Mr. Allah and every one of them actually pale, and I think they were conscience-stricken, for they began to give back the money they had robbed dad of, and an Arab must be pretty scared to give up any of his hard-earned robberies. I think dad was about the maddest man there was, until he got some of his money back, when he felt better, but he gave me a talking to that I will never forget.

He said: "Don't you know better than to go around with explosives, like a train robber, and fire them off in a hole in the ground, where there is no ventilation, and make people's ears ring? Maybe you have woke up those kings and queens in there, and changed a dynasty, you little idiot." The rest of the crowd wanted to throw me down the side of the pyramid, but I got away from them and went up on top of the pyramid and hoisted a small American flag, and left it floating there, and then came back to where the crowd was discussing the explosion in the tomb, and then we all went down the side of the pyramid.

The guides got their nerve back after they got out in the air, because they wouldn't help dad down unless he paid them something every stone they helped him climb down, so when he got down he didn't have any money, and hardly

## ENGLISH OF FOREIGNERS.

Their Efforts at Mastering the Language Are Oftentimes Very Ludicrous.

The struggle of foreigners who have put their faith in dictionaries to account for "English as she is spoke" in New York are sometimes funny, says the Times. An educated young Italian asked an American who spoke his language why the dictionaries were so badly made.

"There are two expressions which I bear constantly," he said, "and neither of them is in any dictionary I have looked into. They are 'abetcher' and 'idono.'"

His American friend pondered for a season, and then, with a cheerful smile, told him that "abetcher" stood for "I bet you," and "idono" was short for "I don't know."

"But why," said the Italian, "when a person is leaving, do you call 'saloon' after him? I can't understand it. I thought at first it was a joke, to insult me, that I was going to a saloon. But they call it after women, too!"

"Your 'saloon,' my boy," replied the American, "is simply 'so long,' that is New York dialect for 'adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu, farewell, farewell, good-by.'"

**Red Hair.**

When red hair makes its appearance on a human head all lukewarmness is at an end. It is either loved or loathed. Its admirers, with artists in the van, are almost hysterically enthusiastic. They call it golden, though the gold that comes out of the earth is not often exactly that shade. A red-haired woman is sure of a success in some quarter, however plain her face or insignificant her figure. The detractors of red hair say it is a sign of bad temper or immorality or both, and therefore, to be scrupulously avoided.—Therefore.

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"No," replied the crooked public official, "I believe that 'silence is golden.'"

"Well," replied the reporter, "perhaps the public might believe it's merely gilt in this case."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**One Not Enough.**

The average girl believes in affinities—and lots of them.—N. Y. Times.

## There is a wise and beneficent policy in concealment when it softens the troubles of others, and if your question implies that the truth should be told with an insensibility to the sorrows of others, then I

say truth would be uncivilized in the extreme and unchristian.

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## MISSOURI STATE NEWS.

### Folk Addresses Illinoisans.

Gov. Folk, in an address before the Old Salem Chautauque, at Petersburg, Ill., declared that one of the greatest evils in legislation is the granting of railroad passes to lawmakers. He scored the professional lobbyists, saying that the latter should be scourged from legislative halls. He recounted his struggle with the law-breakers of Missouri, and declared that the indifference of the average citizen is the greatest impediment to good government. "Once in awhile," he said, "the whirlwind of the people's wrath sets aside the corruptionists. The people will no longer tolerate disgraceful conditions in Missouri. The laws are now enforced to the letter, and will continue to be enforced so long as I am governor."

### Shot Ramrod Through Body.

Joe Moore, 17 years old, who lived five miles west of Windsor, committed suicide by shooting himself in the chest with a shotgun. He left the ramrod in the gun and it passed through his body. Coroner Barr, of Clinton, decided an inquest was unnecessary. The family were all away from home. A brother, William Moore, made the discovery. Temporarily insanity is supposed to have been the cause. He left a note, saying: "When stating facts, do not say you knew nothing about it, or guess if it was a love affair, or dependency, but tell the straightforward truth. Everything has a cause." Members of the family say they know no cause for the deed, unless he feared he would have consumption.

### Killed Just Before Wedding Date.

Within a few days of the date when his marriage would have taken place, Frank Adams, a miner of Oronogo, 30 years old, fell to his death from the water barrel, as he was being hauled out of the Mohart mine, near the plant at Webb City. He was within four feet of the top of the shaft when the strap broke and let him fall 150 feet to the bottom. When picked up his neck and one leg were found to be broken. Adams had recently purchased a home in Webb City, where he expected to take his bride. He was to have been married to Miss Spencer, of Oronogo, and the couple were only waiting possession of the house for the wedding to take place.

### Mississippi Claims Two Victims.

In an ineffectual attempt to rescue Miss Stella McMullen, a pretty waitress, from drowning, Frank A. Churchill, Jr., a popular young clubman, and scion of one of the oldest St. Louis families, lost his life in the Mississippi river at a point about one mile beyond the northern St. Louis city limits, known as Garrahy Island. Churchill's body was recovered, after dragging the river for several hours, but at this writing the body of Miss McMullen had not been found.

### Joplin Saloon License Raised.

As a result of the opposition to Sunday closing by the saloon keepers, the Joplin city council, at a special meeting, raised the license from \$400 a year to \$1,000, to take effect immediately. There are now about sixty saloons in Joplin, and it is thought if the mayor signs the ordinance or if it is passed over his veto, about one-third of them will go out of business. With the government and state license, the saloons will have to pay \$1,625 a year before operating.

### Run On a Bank.

Nearly half the deposits were withdrawn from the Farmington Merchants' bank during a run. The run, it is said, was started by an ex-employee, who circulated stories of alleged bad management. St. Louis and other banks came to the rescue.

### Commandant of Missouri Cadets.

Capt. Joseph Frazier, a Missouri soldier who won the title of "Fighting Joe" for gallantry under fire during the Boxer uprising in China, has been detailed by the war department as commandant of cadets of the University of Missouri.

### Holiness Meeting at Macon.

The seventeenth annual North Missouri Independent Holiness camp meeting is being held at Macon. The main tabernacle is larger this year than usual, and accommodates 2,000 persons.

### Killing at St. Joseph.

Carl W. Shultz was shot, and instantly killed by Robert W. Fleming in St. Joseph. Fleming accused Shultz of destroying his domestic happiness.

### Missouri Weather.

The past week in Missouri has been characterized by warm days and nights, a high percentage of sunshine, and a general deficiency in rainfall.

### Caught in San Francisco.

Jesse Hughes, wanted in St. Joseph on a charge of robbing Edward Long, his room-mate, of \$1,400, has been arrested in San Francisco.

### Wealthy Dixon Banker Dead.

Walter L. Wilson, of Dixon, one of the wealthiest men in Pulaski county, died at Salem, Ore. He was president of the Bank of Dixon.

### Adventists' Camp Meeting.

The Seventh Day Adventists are holding their annual ten-day camp meeting at Liberty park, Sedalia. There is a large attendance.

### Slight Provocation.

Because he failed to receive a letter from his wife, who was at Beattie, Kas., Louis A. Prawitz, of St. Joseph, asphyxiated himself.

### Charges Against Police Dismissed.

At a meeting of the Joplin council, charges against police officers for "winking" at Sunday closing violations were dismissed.

### Christian Clergyman Passes Away.

Rev. Joseph Penton, a Christian minister for 40 years, died suddenly at Macon at the age of 67. His home was at Calloo.